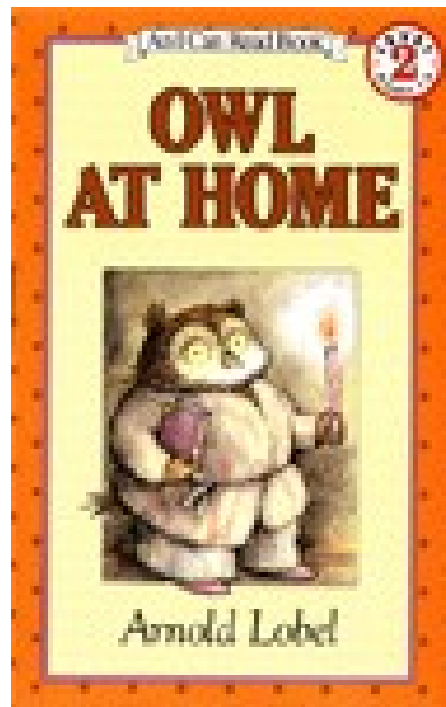


OWL AT HOME

by Arnold Lobel



Readers Theater for 2 Readers

STRANGE BUMPS

Narrator: "Strange Bumps"

Owl: By Arnold Lobel

Narrator: Owl was in bed.

Owl: It's time to blow out the candle and go to sleep.

Narrator: Then Owl saw two bumps under the blanket at the bottom of his bed.

Owl: What can those strange bumps be?

Narrator: Owl lifted up the blanket. He looked down into the bed.

Owl: All I can see is darkness.

Narrator: Owl tried to sleep, but he could not.

Owl: What if those two strange bumps grow bigger and bigger while I am asleep? That would not be pleasant.

Narrator: Owl moved his right foot up and down. The bump on the right moved up and down.

Owl: One of those bumps is moving!

Narrator: Owl moved his left foot up and down. The bump on the left moved up and down.

Owl: The other bump is moving!

Narrator: Owl pulled all the covers off his bed.

Owl: The bumps are gone!

Narrator: All Owl could see at the bottom of the bed were his own two feet.

Owl: But now I am cold. I will cover myself with the blankets again.

Narrator: As soon as he did, he saw the same two bumps.

Owl: Those bumps are back! Bumps, bumps, bumps! I will never sleep tonight.

Narrator: Owl jumped up and down on top of his bed.

Owl: Where are you? What are you?

Narrator: With a crash and a bang, the bed came falling down.

Owl: I'm going downstairs.

Narrator: He sat in his chair near the fire.

Owl: I will let those two strange bumps sit on my bed all by themselves. Let them grow as big as they wish. I will sleep right here where I am safe.

Narrator: And that is what he did.

OWL AND THE MOON

Narrator: "Owl and the Moon"

Owl: By Arnold Lobel

Narrator: One night, Owl went down to the seashore. He sat on a large rock and looked out at the waves. Everything was dark. Then a small tip of the moon came up over the edge of the sea. Owl watched the moon.

Owl: It seems to be climbing higher and higher into the sky.

Narrator: Soon the whole, round moon was shining. Owl sat on the rock and looked up at the moon for a long time.

Owl: If I am looking at you, Moon, then you must be looking back at me. We must be very good friends.

Narrator: The moon did not answer.

Owl: I will come back and see you again, Moon, but now I must go home.

Narrator: Owl walked down the path. He looked up at the sky. The moon was still there. It was following him.

Owl: No, no, Moon. It is kind of your to light my way. But you must stay up over the sea where you look so fine.

Narrator: Owl walked a little farther. He looked up at the sky again. There was the moon coming right along with him.

Owl: Dear Moon, you really must not come home with me. My house is small. You will not fit through the door. And I have nothing to give you for supper.

Narrator: Owl kept on walking. The moon sailed after him over the tops of the trees.

Owl: Moon, I think you do not hear me.

Narrator: Owl climbed to the top of a hill. He shouted as loudly as he could.

Owl: Good-bye, Moon!

Narrator: The moon went behind some clouds. Owl looked and looked. The moon was gone.

Owl: It is always a little sad to say good-bye to a friend.

Narrator: Owl came home. He put on his pajamas and went to bed.

Owl: I am feeling a little sad.

Narrator: Owl looked out of the window. The moon was coming from behind the clouds.

Owl: Moon, you have followed me all the way home. What a good, round friend you are!

Narrator: Then Owl put his head on the pillow and closed his eyes. The moon was shining down through the window.

Owl: Now I don't feel sad at all.

TEAR-WATER TEA

Narrator: "Tear-Water Tea"

Owl: By Arnold Lobel

Narrator: Owl took the kettle out of the cupboard.

Owl: Tonight I will make tear-water tea.

Narrator: He put the kettle on his lap.

Owl: Now I will begin.

Narrator: Owl sat very still. He began to think of things that were sad.

Owl: Chairs with broken legs.

Narrator: His eyes began to water.

Owl: Songs that cannot be sung because the words have been forgotten.

Narrator: Owl began to cry. A large tear rolled down and dropped into the kettle.

Owl: Spoons that have fallen behind the stove and are never seen again.

Narrator: More tears dropped into the kettle.

Owl: Books that cannot be read because some of the pages have been torn out.

Narrator: Owl was crying.

Owl: Clocks that have stopped with no one near to wind them up.

Narrator: Many large tears dropped into the kettle. Owl began to sob.

Owl: Mornings nobody saw because everybody was sleeping.
Mashed potatoes left on a plate because no one wanted to eat them. And pencils that are too short to use.

Narrator: Owl thought about many other sad things. He cried and cried. Soon the kettle was all filled up with tears.

Owl: There, that does it!

Narrator: Owl stopped crying. He put the kettle on the stove to boil for tea. Owl felt happy as he filled his cup.

Owl: It tastes a little bit salty, but tear-water tea is always very good.

THE GUEST

Narrator: "The Guest"

Owl: By Arnold Lobel

Narrator: Owl was at home.

Owl: How good it feels to be sitting by this fire. It is so cold and snowy outside.

Narrator: Owl was eating buttered toast and hot pea soup for supper. Owl heard a loud sound at the front door.

Owl: Who is out there, banging and pounding at my door on a night like this?

Narrator: Owl opened the door. No one was there. Only the snow and the wind. Owl sat near the fire again. There was another loud noise at the door.

Owl: Who can it be, knocking and thumping at my door on a night like this?

Narrator: Owl opened the door. No one was there. Only the snow and the cold.

Owl: The poor old winter is knocking at my door. Maybe it wants to sit by the fire. Well, I will be kind and let the winter come in.

Narrator: Owl opened his door very wide.

Owl: Come in, Winter. Come in and warm yourself for a while.

Narrator: Winter came into the house. It came in very fast.

Owl: Winter, stop pushing me against the wall with your cold, hard wind.

Narrator: Winter ran around the room. It blew out the fire in the fireplace. The snow whirled up the stairs and whooshed down the hallway.

Owl: Winter! You are my guest. This is no way to behave!

Narrator: But Winter did not listen. It made the window shades flap and shiver.

Owl: Oh, my pea soup is now hard, green ice.

Narrator: Winter went in all the rooms of Owl's house. Soon everything was covered with snow.

Owl: You must go, Winter! Go away right now!

Narrator: The wind blew around and around. Then Winter rushed out and slammed the front door.

Owl: Good-bye, and do not come back!

Narrator: Owl made a new fire in the fireplace. The room became warm again.

Owl: Thank goodness! The snow has melted away, and the hard, green ice has turned back into soft pea soup.

Narrator: Owl sat down in his chair and quietly finished his supper.

UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS

Narrator: "Upstairs and Downstairs"

Owl: By Arnold Lobel

Narrator: Owl's house had an upstairs and a downstairs.

Owl: There are 20 steps on my stairway.

Narrator: Some of the time, Owl was upstairs in his bedroom. At other times, Owl was downstairs in his living room. When Owl was downstairs, he wondered.

Owl: How is my upstairs?

Narrator: When Owl was upstairs he wondered.

Owl: How is my downstairs getting along? I am always missing one place or the other.

Narrator: Owl wondered if there was a way to be upstairs and to be downstairs at the same time.

Owl: Maybe if I run very, very fast, I can be in both places at once.

Narrator: Owl ran up the stairs.

Owl: I am up.

Narrator: Owl ran down the stairs.

Owl: I am down.

Narrator: Owl ran up and down the stairs faster and faster.

Owl: Owl! Are you downstairs?

Narrator: There was no answer.

Owl: No. I am not downstairs because I am upstairs.

Narrator: Owl thought he was no running fast enough. He ran downstairs.

Owl: Owl! Are you upstairs?

Narrator: There was no answer.

Owl: No. I am not upstairs because I am downstairs. I must run even faster. Faster, faster, faster!

Narrator: Owl ran upstairs and downstairs all evening. But he could not be in both places at once.

Owl: When I am up, I am not down. When I am down, I am not up. All I am is very tired.

Narrator: He sat on the tenth step because it was a place that was right in the middle.

These vocabulary activities for Owl at Home by Arnold Lobel incorporate key skills for college and career readiness. The activities integrate vocabulary with a study of the text. Includes text-dependent questions, definitions, and text-based sentences. Welcome to Owl's cozy home. Owl lives by himself in a warm little house. One evening he invites Winter to sit by the fire. Another time he finds strange bumps in see all. Welcome to Owl's cozy home. Owl lives by himself in a warm little house. One evening he invites Winter to sit by the fire. Another time he finds strange bumps in his bedroom. And when Owl goes for a walk one night, he makes a friend that follows him all the way home. He also concocts tear-water tea, and tries to be in two places at once. Owl was at home. "How good it feels to be sitting by this fire," said Owl. "It is so cold and snowy outside." Owl was eating buttered toast and hot pea soup for supper. Owl heard a loud sound at the front door. "Who is out there, banging and pounding at my door on a night like this?" he said. Owl opened the door. No one was there.